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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

PACIFIC

WHAT IS GOOD?

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
  Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
  Pleasure, said the fool;
Love said the maiden;
  Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
  Home, said the sage;
Fame said the soldier;
  Equity, the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly,
  "The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
  Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
  Kindness is the word."

—J. B. O'Reilly.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

A VOICE FROM THE HEIGHTS.

In more senses than one have we had in Joaquin Miller's sayings and writings a voice from the heights. From the hills near Oakland "the Poet of the Sierras" has sent out during recent years messages that will remain long time with the world and help to shape thought and conduct.

Joaquin Miller was a seer, and in not a few of his utterances we have a voice from the heights. It was given to him to enter into the lofty and the unseen, to divine things hidden to many other minds and to express them with power.

Monday of this week he passed into the other life from his home on the Oakland heights, leaving as his last message to the world these lines:

"Could I but teach man to believe,
Could I but make small men to grow,
To break frail spider webs that weave
About their thews and bind them low.
Could I but sing one song and lay
Grim Doubt; I then could go my way
In tranquil silence, glad, serene,
And satisfied, from off the scene.
But, ah this disbelief, this Doubt,
This doubt of God, this doubt of good.
The damned spot will not out.

"Wouldst learn to know one little flower,
Its perfume, perfect form and hue?
Yea, wouldst thou have one perfect hour
Of all the years that come to you?
Then grow as God hath planted, grow
A lordly oak or daisy low,
As he hath set his garden; be
Just what thou art, or grass or tree,
Thy treasures up in heaven laid
Await thy sure ascending soul,
Life after life—be not afraid!"

During his last days the following poem which he wrote a few years ago was quoted by him several times:

"Clouds pass; they come again;
And are we less to God than these?
Oh, for the stout faith of the tree
That drops its seed into the sod,
And knows that perish from the land
It shall not. Yea, this much we know
That each shall grow as God fashioned.
Fair or plain, to do its best,
Cloud or sun."

In one of the many volumes published by Miller we find this thought concerning the next life:

"We begin the next life where we leave off in this. I see this in the little seeds that sift down from the trees and lie under the shroud of snow in the hollow of His hand, the winter through, waiting the roaring March winds to trumpet through the pines and proclaim the resurrection. I read it in every blade of grass that carpets God's footstool. Every spear is a spear to battle for this truth. Every blade of grass is a bent saber waving us forward with living evidence of immortality, for it has seen the resurrection."

Writing a few years ago of his experiences in his home on the Oakland heights, the poet said:

"And, oh, the voices I have heard!
And visions where the morning grows—
A brother's soul in some sweet bird,
A sister's spirit in a rose.

"And oh, the beauty I have found!
Such beauty, beauty everywhere;
The beauty creeping on the ground,
The beauty singing through the air.

"The love in all, the good, the worth,
The God in all, or dusk, or dawn;
Good will to man and peace on earth,
The morning stars sing on and on!"

It was at his home on the heights that a wealthy San Francisco resident called on him one day, while he was at work among his olive trees.

"Pretty rough piece of ground you have here," remarked the visitor.

"Yes,sir, rough under foot," replied the poet, "but as smooth over head as any man's land."

Relative to the visitor's question, Will olives pay here? the seer wrote: "This was his first and last concern. The chink of the golden chain which bound that man's neck to the golden calf with the cloven foot was heard to rattle on my stony steeps as he spoke. 'Will olives pay here?' Pay? Pay? In every breath of the sweet sea-wind that lifts their silvery leaves in the sun I am paid, paid in imperishable silver every day. I see in every leaf the olive branch of the dove of old."

Joaquin Miller was a great lover of nature and of mankind. He says in one of his books: "As there is no entirely bad man in his right mind, so there is no entirely ugly thing in nature!

Concerning the life he and his companions began to lead some years ago on the heights back of Oakland he once said: "We have some rules or rather ideas that we have formulated, melted together and rounded down as the years rolled by, but we do not intrude them on any-

body. Nor are you to believe that we all live up to the best of them; at least I know one who does not."

It was Miller who wrote the lines:

"In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not."

And this from the poet's pen:

"Sit down a little time as you stumble headlong in the dust up and down the steeps of life,—steeps of your own making or imagining as a rule,—and wait for the stars, or the moon, or the morning. You will then see that all the world is beautiful, magnificently beautiful. And meantime get a little acquainted with your own soul. You will find that you are better, a great deal better than you believed as you stumbled so hurriedly and so blindly along in the dust, looking all the time down in the dirt for money. You will also find that those about you are better, vastly better than you believed."

Those who ministered to him in his last days read to him from the Bible and from Tennyson, and sang "Nearer My God to Thee."

What his religious beliefs were we do not know. But here are some thoughts which tally with the teachings of the Apostle James and with those of the Master himself:

"Hear then this lesson, hear and learn:
He who would save his soul, I say,
Must lose his soul; must dare to turn
And lift the fallen by the way;
Must make his soul worth saving by some deed
That grows and grows some small last seed."

"The only glory that can long attend you or at all survive you is the glory of doing good; defending the weak, guiding the strong, making the blind to see, finding your reward entirely in the fact that you loyally love the true, the good, and beautiful—this trinity in one.

"Take counsel of nature. Look at the trees casting down their golden leaves generously at the end of the year's fruitage, fearing nothing. They lift their arms in attitude of prayer, certain that they shall be garmented again and made even more beautiful, all in due season.

" 'Look at the rose—the generous rose,
That tears the silken tassel of her purse,
And all her perfume o'er the garden throws.' "

In the following lines we have the poets idea of the Divine communication:

Behold the Holy Grail is found;
Found in each poppy's cup of gold;
And God walks with us as of old.
Behold! the burning bush still burns
For man, whichever way he turns,
And all God's earth is holy ground.

Joaquin Miller believed that the world was daily growing better and expressed this belief as follows:

"Aye, the world is a better old world today!
And a great good mother is this earth of ours;
Her white tomorrows are a white stairway
To lead us up to the vast star flowers—
The spiral tomorrows that one by one
We climb and we climb in the face of the sun."

In the following lines by the poet we have a statement of what shall sometime be, if not on this earthly plane, then on another and higher:

"Why, know you not, soul speaks to soul?
I say the use of words shall pass.
Words are but fragments of the glass,
But silence is the perfect whole."

And again he wrote:

"God is not far; man is not far
From heaven's porch, where paeans roll.
Man yet shall speak from star to star
In silent language of the soul;
Yon star-strewn skies be but a town
With angels passing up and down."

In one of his poems he makes one of the characters who had lost a loved one say:

"I say, not God himself could keep,
Beyond the stars, beneath the deep,
Or 'mid the stars, or mid the sea,
Her soul from my soul one brief day;
But she would find some pretty way
To come and still companion me."

On one of his pages we find this thought concerning death:

"How beautiful is death; and how
Surpassing good, and true and fair!"

And another poem runs as follows:

"A storied, sweet stream in this River of Rest;
The souls of all time keep its ultimate shore;
And journey you East or journey you West,
Unwilling, or willing, sure-footed or sore,
You will surely come to this River of Rest—
This beautiful, beautiful River of Rest."

Several years ago our poet wrote:

"On the glowing olive-set hills of Syria, on the burning sands of Arabia, by the blazing shores of the Red Sea, where Moses saw the face of God in the burning bush, where men believed, and when men believed, when they had faith in God and hope in the Promised Land, there and then was poetry conceived. The forty years in the wilderness, the full fervor of heat and light in the open fields, the communion heart to heart with nature—there in the wilderness and by the wayside was planted the germ of songs that have outlived the thousand thousand books written within the walls of luxurious Europe."

To Joaquin Miller was it given to touch the founts of poesy and to pour forth living song—songs that will live while literature shall live.

Now that he is gone, his eccentricities will ere long be forgotten, and lovers of poetry will turn more and more to the legacy given by him to our literature.

It doesn't take a very smart man to scoff at religion.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The January number of "The American Missionary" says that the Rev. H. H. Wikoff awakened great interest in New England in the work of the Church Building Society in the great west. "The churches greatly enjoyed his beautiful illustrated lectures as well as his morning addresses."

After the death of President George A. Gates the following was found on his desk: "Sometimes when listening or speaking at the telephone there is a click; then silence; you are 'cut off.' Well, that is what happened to me." It is very disconcerting; it snaps one out of conceit or harmony, in which one has been for some forty years taking one's place in the work of the world along side his fellowmen." This was followed by some words of counsel to Fisk university students, and then the conclusion was: "Anyhow we are all in God's love and care and are at home with him in Christ. Whatever our experience, no fatal harm can befall us who put our trust in God."

Dr. Fong F. Sec who is a member of the editorial staff of the Commercial Press at Shanghai, and is translating the new government school text books and which are having a large influence in China, is a Pacific Coast product. A quarter of a century ago he was a boy in a night school conducted in Sacramento by the American Missionary Association. He came to an acceptance of Christ through the teaching and influence of Mr. Chin Toy of the San Francisco Chinese Church. Later he went to Pomona College; took post graduate work in the University of California and in Columbia University. Then, to his life work in China, where he is already one of the great molding influence in the new life opening up in that old land.

The Missionary Herald says that the loss which has befallen India in the death of the Rev. Henry G. Bissell is heavy indeed. "The mission, his colleagues, his native brethren, the theological seminary of which he was a professor, the churches and communities he served untiringly, are all sorely bereaved. For Mr. Bissell was exceptionally qualified for his task." "A son of the land, associated with its people through childhood, speaking the Marathi tongue even better than the Indians themselves—it is said that Brahmans would go to hear him for very joy at listening to his use of the idioms and shadings of their speech—loving the people at home with their characteristic ways of life, sympathizing with their every good quality and impulse, he was able to identify himself to a remarkable degree with those to whom he would minister." Mr. Bissell was a brother of the Rev. Frank A. Bissell, pastor of the Congregational Church of San Lorenzo.

Mr. Jesse B. Wolfe, who entered the American Board work recently in China, is a son of the Rev. Joseph Wolfe who rendered fine home missionary service in Washington about twenty-five years ago. In 1885 and 1886 he was pastor at Whatcom now Bellingham, on Puget Sound. Considerable of the work on the first Congregational Church building there was done by Mr. Wolfe himself. A few years ago he passed into the higher life. The February number of The Missionary Herald gives a picture of the son Jesse B. Wolfe and his wife, and the following sketch: The departure of Mrs. Wolfe from San Francisco to the Shansi Mission, gives occasion to present the picture and life sketches of two new missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse B. Wolfe, appointed missionaries of the Board last spring while they were in China. Mr. Wolfe was born in Springfield, Ill. His parents were both of German descent, and were at one time missionaries under the United Brethren Church in Sierra Leone, West Africa. The son's early home life was spent in the growing towns of the West and on a farm. He was graduated in 1898 from Madison High School, Ohio, studied one year at Oberlin, was graduated in 1905 from Oberlin College, and took a year in Oberlin Seminary; not feeling qualified for the ministry, and with an increasing taste for mechanics, he left the seminary to study at Armour Institute, afterward taking a correspondence course in mechanical engineering. He has had a varied business life, both in farming and practical engineering, has engaged in both religious and social settlement work, and has had musical experience with amateur orchestras and bands. He became a Student Volunteer in his junior year in college, with strong preference for China, to which country he came in 1909, and where he has served as government school-teacher at Paotingfu and in the Peking University. Mrs. Wolfe was born in Oberlin, O., where she lived until the time of her marriage in 1909, studying at its schools and graduating from Oberlin College in 1906. She has had experience as teacher in Michigan and in the Oberlin High School, and has engaged in church work in Sunday school and Christian Endeavor Society in the First Congregational church at Oberlin, of which she is a member. Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe were appointed missionaries of the Board and designated to the Shansi Mission with the expectation that they would take up educational work in place of Mr. and Mrs. Staub, who had withdrawn from Taiku."

"A TRINITY OF CHURCHES."

At White Plains, New York, where the Rev. E. L. Walz, formerly of Green Street Church, San Francisco, is now pastor, there is a unique plan of organization for religious work in the community which is worthy of commendation. It is similar to the plan on which the Episcopal Church work is carried on in Berkeley, account of which was given not long ago in The Pacific.

In our judgment religious work to be effective will have to be conducted in general on some such plan in the near future.

We condense from a church manual, sent us recently, a statement of the plan on which the work of The Westchester Congregational Church is conducted for the three congregations of White Plains, Scarsdale, and Chatterton Hill.

Its Genius.

The Westchester Congregational Church is a modern business plan of co-operation based upon the Congregational principles of freedom and fellowship. Business men have called it a "Holding Company;" theologians a "Trinity of Churches." While distinctly original, it was not thought out beforehand by any one man as a theory. But it is a ten years' growth to meet existing conditions with all details practically tested.

The Westchester Church to-day consists of one church with three houses of worship. For why should a church organization be limited to one building? Some day it may include four or five or more. So, for convenience, the members of the Westchester Church worship in three buildings advantageously located near their homes. Each group of worshippers constitutes a "congregation," independent in its local affairs, such as the admission or dismission of members, and uniting with the other congregations in general matters, such as benevolence. Each congregation has equal

power and privilege. Here is the very centre of the Westchester plan and its strength. Herein it is quite different from the "Mission" or "Branch" scheme of organizing, which always involves a sense of inferiority for the "Branch." The Westchester Church is not a "Home Church" with two "Branches," but it is one church, and the particular house of worship which a member attends is incidental.

A Young Congregation.

The idea originated in the effort to plant new local work, and we hope that the Westchester Church will always be a local Church Extension Society. The old Congregational way is to treat a new organization as independent when it is too weak to stand alone. Many a new church has died for want of just the personal and organic ties which the Westchester plan provides. The opposite extreme to this is the "Mission plan," which either is temporary or takes away self respect and initiative. Midway between these two extremes, the Westchester plan organizes the new work as a "congregation," giving to it the same privileges and powers which the older congregations enjoy, but also putting behind it the whole strength of the Westchester Church. This plan gives the young congregation its own preacher and pastor, but backs him up by the active help of the other ministers probably older and more experienced. This plan gives the young congregation responsibility for its local management, but also the leadership of a large and experienced board of officers, so that instead of being shut in to its own little affairs, it is at once brought into vital relation with foreign missions and all the large work of the Kingdom. Economy from division o flabor results, so that if one pastor has unusual financial ability, all the congregations profit by it, or, if another is a specialist in any one direction, such as boys' work or Sunday School work, all may have his help. Economy of expense results, so that the young congregation has the advantage of methods of work otherwise impossible, such as the church office and the office secretary and the weekly calendar and the Year Book.

Property And Current Expenses.

All property is owned by the Westchester Church for the protection of all. But each congregation has the care of its own building. A budget of local expenses, including the salary of the minister in charge, is made up by each congregation, through its officers, at the beginning of the year, and presented to the church. If a congregation is not yet self-supporting and cannot raise this budget, the church votes an appropriation to complete it, raising the money specifically for the purpose in the Church Extension Fund. No money given for the local expenses of one congregation can be diverted to the support of another.

The Ministers.

For its ministers, the Westchester plan involves the teamwork of brothers. For exceutive and legal purposes, one minister must be "pastor," and the others "associate pastors," but it is a brotherhood in which each is primarily occupied with the preaching and pastoral work in his own congregation and then shares in the general executive oversight. The pastor is not a bishop, gradually to be separated from any one congregation and set apart for a general oversight of the church. Nor is he the president of a business corporation with dominating powers. But he is primus inter pares. The work of the Congregational ministry cannot be organized as a business machine. It is a high and independent office. We can counsel and guide the young minister, but we cannot "boss" him. We must seek to draw out his own initiative and characteristic way of doing things. If the genius is not in him, no higher executive power can make up for it. But the team-work greatly increases efficiency. Three pastors in the same village working separately may be represented thus: 1 plus 1 plus 1 equals 3. But, just as team-work on the football field puts the power of the whole team behind the man with the ball, so team-work in the ministry puts the power of all behind one. In real and effective ways, the Westchester plan means all three ministers at White Plains, and all three ministers at Scarsdale, and all three ministers at Chatterton Hill. Our sum in addition becomes 3 plus 3 plus 3 equals 9—an exaggeration doubtless, but suggestive of the truth.

Team-work finds expression in the Ministers' Conference held weekly. Here all phases of work are considered, bringing great stimulus. The young man obtains the guidance of the older and more experienced men, yet he has his own responsibilities of preaching and of regular pastoral and executive work. The want of just such responsibilities makes the position of assistant pastor in a large church an unsatisfactory one. On the other hand the older man enters a wider work, with larger financial backing, than would be possible if he were limited to any one of the congregations. Thus, among the Congregational churches of New York State, the benevolent offerings of the Westchester Church are exceeded only by the largest city churches in New York and Buffalo, and its ministers have the privileges of fellowship and labor which such larger work brings. In his sermon work, the Westchester pastor is encouraged to spend an amount of careful preparation upon some special sermon or series of sermons otherwise impossible, because a pastoral exchange will enable him to repeat it before the other congregations and free him from his own pulpit work. During the vaction of one pastor, another is always on the ground to meet emergencies. In case of one pastor's sickness, his people can call on another whom they already know, while in protracted illness and absence, more than once in the history of the Westchester Church, his brother pastors have taken up his work and saved the setbacks otherwise inevitable.

The Missionary Pastor has developed from this teamwork into a unique relation, which is very far from a mere financial one or an empty name. Theodore Storrs Lee has been constantly kept before the church by his brother pastors. In turn, he has been truly a pastor through his letters filled with personal interest and love for every family of the church. His spirtual influence in America has been on even a higher spiritual plane, because he was far away in India. And he has borne witness that the love and moral support and prayers of his church alone enabled him to win the victory there.

Church Officers.

The Westchester plan gives more responsibility to its officers than is usual in Congregationalism. It has one board of officers corresponding to the executive committee of a business corporation. This is known as the Church Council, and consists of pastors, treasurers, clerks, trustees and deacons. If the New York State law did not require exactly three, six, or nine trustees, the whole board would constitute the trustees similar to the Consistory of the Reformed Church. At present the three trustees act only as directed by the church or Church Council. A business meeting of the church has final authority, and all new matters of large importance, such as erecting a new building, are settled by business meetings of the church. But in all cur-

rent work—spiritual, benevolent or financial support—the Church Council is the executive committee.

Officers represent the entire church, some being elected regardless of the congregation to which they belong, others being elected pro rata from each congregation. All the officers coming from any one congregation constitute a permanent sub-committee of the Church Council known as the Local Board, and have charge of the local affairs of their own congregation. Business meetings of a congregation are held to hear reports, nominate officers, inaugurate local steps, but they have no legal status. In the working out of the Westchester plan, a young and small congregation receives the help of the experienced officers from the larger congregations; while a man of large ability, uniting with the young and weak congregation, is not limited to it, but he has the work of the whole church to interest and stimulate him. Among the results are the church's strong financial policy seen in the enevlope system and the large amount of work done every year in proportion to the amount of capital invested in buildings.

A Permanent Plan.

The Westchester plan is not a temporary arrangement to help a young church, but a permanent scheme of organization adapted to a day in which co-operation is the key to power and success. Critics of the plan have expressed two fears. First, the fear of jealousy arising among the ministers or among the congregations. Internal jealousy will ruin the large work of any business or of any church—whatever the method of organization. The Westchester Church has been preserved so far from all jealousy by its earnest purpose of working for the Kingdom. Its large leadership is a strong safeguard for the future, for we hope all will not simultaneously lose their Christian earnestness! The second fear of critics is that some one domineering man or faction in one congregation will try to rule the others. The Westchester plan avoids this danger, partly, by its size—the larger the church the less the danger of one man or faction domineering it—and, partly, by its financial system in which there is no current income from endowment. For this last reason many supposed problems have never arisen. People will not give to a cause forced upon them, and money is the "sinews of war." On the other hand, if any congregation desires to do anything reasonable and will raise the money for it themselves, who wants to stop them?

Finally, Christian brotherliness is necessary in any form of church organization. No church can do the Lord's work without the Spirit of the Lord. We believe that the Westchester plan combines freedom and effectiveness for those who are ready to be true brothers. "It works."

MORE MEDIAEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Physical San Francisco in 1857.

I choose this date because it was the year in which I reached this city. But in order to be understood I shall need to go back more than a hundred years.

Several nations coveted this region. The English took measures for getting control of it. The Russians planted fur-trading stations along the coast and built Fort Ross in Sonoma County. But the first permanent white settlers were the Franciscan monks, from Old Spain, who crept up from Mexico in 1760 and onward, and planted missions for the conversion of the aboriginal Indians, who possessed all the California region. They selected favorable agricultural locations and established their missions all the way from San Diego up to Sonoma, putting up mission buildings of the ancient Spanish order by the labor of the Indians whom they gathered in their schools. These buildings, entire or in partial ruin, remain to this day, some of them a hundred and fifty years old. Here they chose a spot sheltered from fog, sand and sea winds, by the range of hills back of the mission (the old name is still retained), at what is now Sixteenth and Dolores streets, where a fragment of their original building still remains with its ancient roof of tiles. So California was first settled as a mission field by the Roman Catholic Church, and through these missions that church has a great advantage over all other denominations, by its large land holdings.

The Spanish Dons followed the missionaries, and took up concessions of thousands of acres of fertile pasture lands, and so this became a great cattle-raising country. To illustrate the extent of these rancherias, we are told that Commodore Stockton bought one of them, near San Jose, at the price of one dollar a head for all the cattle on it, and was obliged to pay ten thousand dollars for the ranch. (If I make any mistakes in facts or figures, I have the comfort of knowing that there are very few people, now living, who can, of their own knowledge, correct them.) All, or nearly all of these Dons were long ago dispossessed of their principalities by the invading Yankees, who loaned them needed money on mortagages. The greater part of all the arable lands of central California, in this way, came into possession of the present owners. When Merico won her independence from Spain, all the region, up to some indefinite boundary near the Oregon line, became Mexican property, and passed into American hands, as a result of our war with that country. Before that war, however, the Yankees, coming in singly and in small bands, had, by their superior vim and enterprise, gained such influence here that Mexico had only a shadow of control, and would soon have lost all she had. Practically, California was an independent state before our war with Mexico, and when the commander of an American ship of war outsailed the British cruiser sent on the same errand, and raised the Stars and Stripes at Monterey, where our first missionary, the Rev. S. H. Willey, was stationed, the question was peaceably settled, and the land of gold became a part of the United States of America.

But I have wandered from my theme, the old San Francisco. It was so named because first settled by monks of the Order Francis de Assisi. It was originally called Yerba Buena, the name of a fragrant herb abounding here, and the now Goat Island was then Yerba Buena Island. Gradually this name was exchanged for its present title, San Francisco. So then, our original city was a mission station at Sixteenth and Dolores streets, a place almost inaccessible by reason of a multitude of surrounding sandhills. But for the discovery of gold in California, the present San Francisco would never have existed and one of the finest harbors in the world would not have been in use for certainly another hundred years. But when the cry, "There is an abundance of gold in California" rang world-wide, crowds of adventurers, from nearly every country in the world, rushed in here, and a second and far greater San Francisco was born—the San Francisco by the sea. Ships crowded with men and deep laden with merchandise crowded through the Golden Gate, and anchored all along the water front. There were no wharves to tie to, and the

shallow water allowed of no landing except by boats and barges. Yet, here was the busiest water-front in the world. As if by magic, human dwellings started up in all the habitable region between Telegraph Hill and Rincon Point. Most of these were of the rudest construction, for there were no building materials at hand and no mills to supply lumber, but a good many had taken the precaution to bring with them corrugated iron houses, previously constructed and ready to be set up. Some of these rude iron structures of one story in height, remain with us now—sixty years and more later—mere hovels, but palaces in those meager days. Happy was the merchant whose foresight had provided him with one of these corrugated shacks.

But lack of space compels me to reserve further description for another article.

A CONGREGATIONAL AND A METHODIST CHURCH FEDERATE.

The Northwestern Christian Advocate gives account as follows:

The Federation of the Central Methodist Episcopal and the First Congregational Churches of Park Ridge, Ill., is a concrete example of local co-operation which has passed the state of sentiment and of theory.

Park Ridge is one of the most beautiful of the smaller suburbs of Chicago with twenty-five hundred people and the federation of its two leading churches has, in a large measure, been prompted by the problems which the rapidly growing community set for them.

The Congregational society was organized a short time before the Methodist. Both church buildings are to be used by the Federated Churches but they are looking forward to the erection of a splendid church edifice in the near future.

The movement looking to a closer correlation of the churches began last summer. The Congregational Church took the initiative by appointing a committee to treat with a similar committee from the Methodist body. The latter society responded and the two committees organized as a joint committee began work at once. Federation, rather than an organic union or the merging of the churches, was the plan adopted. The form of an agreement was finally worked out in which the federative idea of reciprocity and comity is the dominant principle. In its present form the agreement is satisfactory to the local and general organizations of the churches involved. It was passed upon by the Co-operative Council for City Missions of the City of Chicago which is made up of representatives from five of the leading churches, namely, Baptist, Congregational, Disciples, Methodist Episcopal, and Presbyterian. This council which heartily endorsed the plans and purposes of the proposed federation, recommended that certain minor changes be made in the agreement. The churches involved accepted the recommendation; the changes were made, and the agreement which has gone into effect is exactly as it came from the hands of the council.

While the details of the actual reorganization and correlation of the work were left in the hands of the board of directors, which consists of an equal number of representatives from each of the bodies federated and of which the pastor is, ex-officio, the chairman, two dominant interests, namely, those relating to the property and to the pastor were bound to have a prominent place in the agreement. It is expressly stated that each of the churches "shall within the purpose of this agreement, retain complete control of its real and personal property"—

The question of the pastor was a difficult one but here comity, implicit in the very meaning of federation was invoked as the dominant spirit.

There is an explicit recognition of the widely divergent method of pulpit supply; harmony will depend, however, on the spirit of fairness and of good intent rather than on a technical rule of procedure. The most important statement concerning the pastor is that he "shall be a man mutually satisfactory to both of the parties to this agreement."

The present pastor of the Central Methodist Church, J. L. Dickson, becomes the first pastor of the Federated Churches. The First Congregational Church has by a unanimous vote designated him as its choice to head the new organization.

The main consideration which dictated this move at Park Ridge is the grave responsibility which rests upon these two old churches for the growth of God's kingdom there.

Questions of expediency could not cloud the main issue, but were to be solved in its light. There can be no question of the mighty power for good which a united church can wield. What real need of a modern community, religious, moral, social, economic, or political, can a Church handicapped by division hope to satisfy completely?

Here is the preamble of the Park Ridge agreement:

"The churches named in the title to this agreement, in order to bear witness to the unity of the Church of Jesus Christ, to promote and to maintain her spirit and aims, to conserve and to augment her resources both spiritual and temporal, and to use those resources constantly in the ministry of word and deed to form and to build Christian character, and for the glory of God and the good of men, do by the terms of this agreement establish a federation."

A NEW BEECHER STORY.

This year will be the centennial of the birth of Henry Ward Beecher. The event will doubtless be observed throughout Christendom, as Beecher was the greatest preacher to the common people the world has ever seen since the days of Paul. The Beecher family is the most remarkable in American history, and everything, new and old, relating to the great preacher will be of interest. So vital and up-to-date are some of Beecher's sermons that when a few years ago earthquake and fire made San Francisco a ruin, and preachers all over the land delivered eloquent and pathetic sermons on the appalling tragedy, many got a large part of their material and inspiration from a sermon Beecher had preached long ago on the Chicago fire. A sermon on the earthquake and fire by a California preacher, which was telegraphed to the Brooklyn Eagle, was to a large extent taken from Beecher's sermon, even down to the final appeal for help for the sufferers.

But this is not the new Beecher story I started out to tell. This latter was related by Rev. J. H. Matthews, superintendent of our Sunday School Work of Washington, and he is ready to vouch for its correctness.

A Sunday-school visitor in Seattle was out calling on pupils and by mistake had got to the wrong door of an apartment house. A pleasant faced elderly lady greeted

her cordially and invited her in. Seeing some interesting children in the room the visitor concluded to stop and make inquiry. No, the children did not go to Sunday School. She invited them to the church and school and while conversing with the family, two boys, one of high school age and the other above the primary, came into the room. The invitation was at once extended to the boys, when the older boy exclaimed to the astonishment of the visitor: "Sunday School? What is that? " They evidently had never been to Sunday School nor heard of it, nor knew what it was. Who were these boys? The great-grand-children of Henry Ward Beecher! Ought not Dr. Hillis and others to sit up and take notice? Do families dengerate when they move west, and is heredity a sufficient force to keep intact a glorious family heritage?

As a pendant to the above it ought also to be added that when this story was repeated in a family in which there was a young lady of the high school grade, the Miss being puzzled to see the point, innocently asked, "And who was Henry Ward Beecher?" Beecher is a big enough figure in American history in this his centennial year to be heard about even by the graduates of our High Schools.

Underwood, Wash. H. V. ROMINGER.

CONCERNING MAY KONOVSKY'S WAGE.

The issue of the Pacific for February the 5th contained an article quoted from the New York Sun entitled, "Mary Konovsky's Wage," which should not pass unchallenged. This girl is represented as coming from Russian Poland, and being ignorant clumsy and incapable of making more than $6 per week at any employment, while American girls and that it is rather questionable for the American public to waste sympathy on such a hopeless character: further, that there are only two ways open to this ignorant girl, either the mill at $6 per week or sucide. Now there are several things decidedly misleading about this article. In the first place the foreign laborers are not so ignorant and helpless and hopeless as this girl is represented. They are generally bright and capable of performing a variety of tasks. But under the present industrial conditions many of them have no chance to improve; they are made a part of the machine, like this Russian girl standing behind the spinning jenny. If she should remain there twenty years she would learn nothing. The long hours and weary monotonous task of keeping the threads straight, would forever keep her a baby in experience. This girl is not alone in this unfortunate experience; tens of thousands of others both foreign and American girls are held in the same helpless and hopeless condition, many of them having ability but no possible show of expressing it; and they get the same meager wage and the same sad outlook, suicide or slavery in the mill. The statement that the American girls get from $10 to $14 per week in the same mill is misleading, since statistics show that the great majority of the girls in Little Falls get from $6 to $10 per week.

It is well to recall that the strike in that city was brought about by the greedy mill owners reducing the wages from 50 cents to $2 per week; while at the same time they were paying large dividends on heavily watered stocks. What else could those poor laborers do other than strike? Now the mill owners and their friends are attempting, through the press, to create a public sentiment against the strikers, and not infrequently we see Christian papers lending themselves to this questionable work. Is it quite the Christian spirit to take the part of the wealthy mill owners and let the unfortunate laborers fight their own battles? What would Jesus Christ do under such conditions? Would he favor the wealthy owners or the under-paid laborers? Some say that he would declare for what is right and just. Can there be any such thing as right and justice in a condition where scores of thousands of laborers are paid a wage that means such a degraded state of living, and in many cases no employment at all, which means intense suffering and even death; and this in the midst of luxury and abundance for all. There can be no justice about this, it is the opposite of injustice, worse still, robbery and murder in the name of law.

Has society no obligations, no duty in this matter? Can the progressive manhood and the Christian character of America stand supinely by and look with indifference upon this wholesale wreckage of life and character brought about both by the lack of employment. and inefficient pay? Not if he understands his duty to his brother, can he be indifferent. The conditions of the workers as revealed through the strikes in Lawrence, Little Falls, and the garment makers in New York, are simply deplorable, a blot upon American civilization; no American citizen can consider himself guiltless in this matter. We are all partners in the wrong since we permit it.

If the spinning wheel, for example, can not provide a living wage for its operator, then it had better be declared a nuisance and banished by law as a life-destroyer. If an industry can not pay its laborers properly then it had better be closed, banished. But the trouble is not with the industry or the spinning wheel; it is the greed and selfishnes of the financial owners and their heartless competition. If the poor laboring man received the same thoughtful considerations from the law and government as capital, these sad conditions would be largely eliminated. Tens of thousands of people may suffer and thousands may die in the streets of our cities from hunger and lack of employment and the government do nothing. But let the so-called sacred right of property be infringed upon and the machinery of law is quickly put in motion in the way of defence. This has been the prevailing tendency in this country for many years. It is time that the lovers of justice and humanity should be aroused. The highest aim of government should be to secure employment, at a living wage, to every man and woman who wishes to work. Such a right on the part of labor should be considered more sacred than any right of property. If this opportunity to work can not be secured one way it should be another. The church of Jesus Christ should emphasize this as a sacred right belonging to every individual, and should insist that the first duty of the government is to provide this right.

Rev. R. J. Campbell said, before his great congregation in the City Temple, London: "Every man has a right to the opportunity of laboring for his bread. It is a grand principle that if a man will not work neither shall he eat, but it is a grander principle that if a man will work he should eat. I would therefore pledge the national credit on behalf of every man who is willing to use his two hands to work. A government or society has no right to bring up a citizen and then leave him to sink or swim when it comes to a question of daily bread. If he will not work he should be made to; and if he will work it is your duty to see that he has the means of doing so. These principles are the very body and blood of Christianity. No matter how difficult they are to put in practice, they should be declared by the

Church. We must thrust upon the community, the duty of applying such moral principles in all their grandeur and effectiveness.'

Dr. Campbell is right in his advovacy of governmental responsibility, and the sooner the people awaken to this fact the better.

A. B. SNIDER.
Pastor of Bethlehem Church, San Francisco.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S FIRST BOOK—A CALIFORNIA BOOK.

How She Came to Write It.

Kate Douglas Wiggins told recently in the New York Times how she came to write her first book. We quote:

"First Love," "first born," "fiirst fruits," "fiirst hand," these phrases are on every lip and spoken always with conviction of their importance. The instances in which one's last love bulks larger in one's life than any that preceded it, and one's last born seems to be a more successful experiment in eugenics than one's first—these are but exceptions to the general rule, which ordains that first sensations are too vivid to be repeated in kind.

My first advent into print was not a book, but a three-part story, accepted by the St. Nicholas Magazine and paid for (mirable dictu!) to the extent of $150. I was 17, and why I did not consider myself a full-fledged author, embarked upon a successful career, I can hardly tell, but a period of common sense overtook me with considerable severity. I examined myself, and, though I discovered an intense desire to write, I discovered nothing to write about. I had neither knowledge nor experience, nor yet the genius which supplies at a pinch the place of both, so, somewhat regretfully, tuIrned my back on Literature (the Muse showing a most unflattering indifference) and took a peep into Life. All my instincts led me toward work with children, so I studied educational methods for a year and a half, finishing with a course of kindergarten, theory and practice. Then most unexpectedly I found myself in the position of organizing the first free kindergarten work west of the Rocky mountains, my sphere of effort being a precinct in San Francisco known as "Tar Flat." This is not the place to describe that experiment, which, under favoring circumstances, took root, blossomed and bore fruit all up and down the Pacific Coast. Suffice it to say, I was too busy with living to think of writing. I was helping, in my woman's way, (I fear at first it was but a girl's way) to do my share of the world's work, and it absorbed all my energies of body, mind, and soul. But though the public was generous, there was never money enough! Fifty children under school age, between 4 and 6, were enrolled, but the procession of waiting mothers grew longer daily. Patrick's mother, Henri's, Levi's Angelo's, Leo's, Katarina's, Selma's, Alexandrina's, stood outside the door asking when there would be room for more children.

On a certain October day I wondered to myself could I write a story, publish it in paper covers, and sell it here and there for a modest price, the profits to help toward the establishment of a second kindergarten. Preparations for Christmas were already in the air, and as I sat down at my desk in a holiday spirit I wrote in a few days my real first book, "The Birds' Christmas Carol." It was the simplest of all possible simple tales; the record of a lame child's life; a child born on Christmas day, and named Carol by Mr. and Mrs. Bird, her father and mother. The Dark Ages in which I wrote were full of Herods, who put to death all the young children in their vicinity, and I was no exception with my fragile little heroine. What saved me finally was a rudimentary sense of humor that flourished even in the life I was living, a life in which I saw pain and suffering, poverty and wretchedness, cruelty and wickedness, struggling against the powers for good that lifted their heads here and there, battling courageously and often overcoming. If Carol Bird and her family were inclined to sentimentality (as I have reason to fear) the Ruggles brood, who lived "in the rear," were perhaps a wholesome antidote. Mrs. Ruggles and the nine big, middle-sized, and little Ruggleses who inhabited a small house in an alley that backed the Bird mansion—these furnished a study in contrasts, and gave a certain amount of fun to counteract my somewhat juvenile tendency to tears.

All this was more than a quarter of a century ago. How could one suppose that the unpretentious tale would endure through the lapse of years? Yet in a week or two it will appear again in a brave, new dress, with illuminated borders to its pages, and richly colored illustrations, properly grateful, I hope, but never scornful of the paper covers in which it was born.

I have just written a preface to that new edition, a preface in which I have addressed, not the public, but the book itself, which has grown through the passage of time to possess a kind of entity of its own.

"To My Dear First Book," so I begin. "Here you are on my desk again after twenty-eight years, in which you have worn out your plates several times, and so richly earned your fine new attire.

"When you and I began our literary life together I was young, taking my first timid steps into an unknown land, and you were the fragile staff on which I leaned.

"Youth lies behind me in a golden haze, but the wonder of life is still there, and the afterglow is no less beautiful than the dawn to the traveler who loves every mile of the road.

"You have been a good friend to me, my book—none better! It was you who 'eased my shoulder from the burden,' you who delivered my hands from making the pots.' At the very first, you earned the wherewithal to take a group of children out of the confusion and dangers of squalid streets, and transport them into a place of sunshine, safety, and gladness. Then you took my hand and led me into the bigger, crowded world where the public lives. You brought me all the new, strange experiences that are so thrilling to the neophyte. The very sight of your familiar title brings them back afresh. Proof-sheets in galleys, of which one prated learnedly to one's awe-stricken family; then the Thing itself, in covers, and as one opened them tremblingly, in secret, there pounced from the text some clumsy phrase one never noted before in all one's weary quest for errors. Then reviews, mingling praise and blame; then letters from strangers; then, yeas after, the story smiling at one cheerily, pathetically, gratefully, from patient rows of raised letters printed for blind eyes; then, finally, the sight of it translated into many foreign tongues.

"Would that I had more art—even at the expense of having less heart—with which to endow you, but I gave you all of both I had to give, and one can do no more. In return you have repaid me in ways tangible and intangible, ways most rare and beautiful, even to bringing me friendships in strange lands, where people have welcomed me for your sake. Then go, little book, on your last journey into

the world. Here are my thanks, good comrade, and here my blessing. Hail and farewell!"

Does all this have too sentimental a ring? I hope not, but at any rate, one always has a bit of license where a first love, or a first book are concerned, particularly if the first love or the first book have lasted over the silver wedding day.

PESCADERO PEBBLES.

Where slopes the beach to the setting sun,
On the Pescadero shore,
For ever and ever the restless surf
Rolls up with its sullen roar.

And grasping the pebbles in white hands,
And chafing them together,
And grinding them against the cliffs
In stormy and sunny weather.

It gives them never any rest:
All day, all night, the pain
Of their long agony sobs on,
Sinks, and then swells again.

And tourists come from every clime
To search with eager care
For those whose rest has been the least;
For such have grown most fair.

But yonder, 'round a point of rock,
In a quiet, sheltered cove,
Where storm ne'er breaks, and sea ne'er comes,
The tourists never rove.

The pebbles lie 'neath the sunny sky,
Quiet forevermore;
In dreams of everlasting peace
They sleep upon the shore.

But ugly, and rough, and jagged still,
Are they left by the passing years;
For they miss the beat of angry storms,
And the surf that drips in tears.

The hard turmoil of the pitiless sea
Turns the pebble to beauteous gem,
They who escape the agony
Miss also the diadem.—Minot J. Savage.

A WORD OF CORRECTION FROM DR. HOUSE.

Editor of the Pacific:

The Pacific for Feb. the 5th gave a very wrong contrast about my recent work here in the First Methodist Episcopal Church. I did not give my lectures on Psycholgy at all, but gave straight evangelistic sermons all the time. There were about one hundred conversions in all, and only one church participating, while the other meetings had ten churches. There were conversions at our meetings every night but fouror five. And the very night Mr. Bluhm speaks about the brother being present, there were two. If the preacher had stayed to the after meeting he would have been better informed as to the real facts of the case.

It is also true that these same men who are conducting the meetings in the Tabernacle held meetings through their leader, at the First Methodist Episcopal Church about three years ago, and failed. He was not to blame however, for he did the best he could.

Comparisons are often very unjust, and in this case especially so, as the news item conveyed the idea that I preached on Psychology which was not so.

The emphasis of my work is the old evangelism with a newer type of presentation, and the lectures on Psychology are given in the afternoon, and no reference is ever made to this in the evening work.

I want to reach the souls of men, and their minds for the greater good thereby that comes from this method.

Knowing your love of justice I write this correction. I shall soon be in your state and shall be glad to be heard for a gospel that saves the whole man.

E. L. HOUSE.

A BEAUTFIUL MEMORIAL SERVICE.

The service in the North Berkeley Congregational Church in the afternoon of Sunday, February the 9th, in memory of Corinna Darling Fisher, the little daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Miles B. Fisher, who passed recently into the other life, was one of special tenderness. The Rev. H. R. Miles, pastor of the First Congregational Church, offered prayer, giving thanks to God for the life of this child of singular simplicity and gladness and unselfishness, and for the light which shall never be dimmed, which in and through her had brightened the home.

The Rev. S. C. Patterson told of the time when he had first seen Corinna. While pastor in San Francisco he had been invited by her father to their Berkeley home one day, and "this little happy-hearted girl, with her beaming face" captivated him at once. "There was something about her little face, with its responsiveness and power of expression, that won my heart." When a year or two later he went to Berkeley as pastor, Mr. Patterson said that again he saw Corinna, "older, but with that same power of expression which was strange in a child so young." "As time went on we were more than ever impressed by that responsiveness, that delicacy of approach, that evident interest in the welfare of those about her. There was a wonderful maturity about her; not in the sense of the flippancy which we sometimes see, of smart sayings and pert answers, but a maturity of affection, of respect for and responsiveness to others."

Mr. C. A. Kofoid, wife of Professor Kofoid of the University of California, also spoke of the way the child had impressed and influenced all with whom she came in contact.

Some beautiful hymns which Corinna loved especially were sung at the memorial service; and in the atmosphere of the occasion, in prayer, in address and in song, the portals of the life into which the little one had entered were made to seem very near, and what men term "death" only transition.

THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION ASSOCIATION.

A District Convention In Los Angeles.

A district convention for California under the auspices of the Religious Education Association will be held in Los Angeles March 27, 28, and 29. The topic for study will be "Religious Education in the Public Schools." The proposed program provides for the discussion of "Agencies" and "Methods" of Religious Education; the legal aspects of the problem; difficulties to be faced; and a full afternoon to confer over solutions to be proposed. The convention is to be financed by memberships in the national R. E. A. Bishop W. M. Bell, of Los Angeles is chairman of the committee arranging for the gathering, and Rev. Harold S. Tuttle, of Bethany Church, San Francisco, secretary.

THE PASSER-BY.

This was the dream I saw before I woke;
Silver and rose across the paling sky
The earliest glory of the morning broke;
This was the voice I heard, when He went by.

One walked at midnight in a storm-swept land,
His breast against the blast, his feet astray;
Out of the darkness came an unseen hand,
That stayed his steps, and led him on his way,
Safe-guided to the border-lands of day.

One sank outwearied in a swollen flood;
The black cold water hurled him toward the sea;—
Close at his side a succoring strength withstood
The gulfing waves, and bore him mightily
Unto the haven where he sought to be.

One faltered stricken on a hard-fought field,
The good sword shattered in his nerveless hand;
Even as he fell, an arm stretched out to shield
His wounded breast; a sudden flashing brand
Flamed o'er his head, and victory swept the land.

One wept alone beside a crumbling tomb,
Desolate as the unforgotten dead;
Slow foosteps paused beside him in the gloom,
And a hand waited resting on his head;—
Words cannot utter what the Stranger said.

So passing by He went across the lands
Through field and desert, mart and shrine and street;
The hungry and the weary kissed His hands,
The guilty and forsaken clasped His feet,
And at His touch earth's bitterness grew sweet.

This was the dream that lingered on my sight,
While the last shadows lifted from the sea;
O Son of man, O living Light of Light,
Make real the vision of that love in me!

—Mabel Earle in Sunday School Times.

PROTECTION RECOMMENDED FOR THE CHARITABLE PUBLIC.

The many people who are subject to the numerous and often unworthy appeals for charity will welcome the recommendation made in the last report of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, and will long for some legislative enactment as suggested. The report which will be issued soon in pamphlet form, says:

"There is in existence a large number, and a growing number, of so-called institutions who make their appeal to the public, without ever rendering an adequate report of their activities. They flood liberal and generous people with their appeals, counting upon a percentage of returns, which in every case is far greater than these unworthy individuals and institutions are entitled to. As a matter of fact, many of these institutions exist only on paper, and never perform the functions which they pretend. Legitimate institutions are thus crippled by the diversion of support, and as a result, are often put to extreme measures to finance their more worthy and more reliable undertakings. In many cases, women wearing a garb similar to that of the various Catholic orders have been known to solicit the public and obtain some support under such false pretences. Believing that it would be for the best interests of properly organized and legitimate institutions to be protected against such abuse of the philanthropic public, we recommend that legislation be enacted, compelling all charitable and philanthropic institutions, societies and corporations which depend in whole, or in part, upon solicitatons of funds from the general public for their support, to be placed under the supervision of the State Board of Charities and Corrections,
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and prohibiting the incorporation of new associations or societies without the approval of such Board. Legitimate sosieties which are already in operation need not hesitate to meet the requirements of such a statute, as it will protect them from unnecessary duplication, and also enable them to ask more generous support of the public for their particular activities. Such societies as cannot bear investigation certainly have no justification in continuing their existence. Such a statute should also make provision for an annual accounting by such societies to the State Board of Charities and Corrections of their income and expenditures, so that not only valuable statistics about the private phlanthropies of the state might be gathered, but it would also assure the public that the money which they contribute for philanthropic ends will be properly accounted for."

THE MODERN BLACKSMITH.

Under a costly canopy
The village blacksmith sits;
Before him is a touring-car
Broken to little bits,
And the owner and the chauffeur, too,
Have almost lost their wits.

The village blacksmith smiles with glee
As he lights his fat cigar;
He tells his helpers what to do
To straighten up the car,
And the owner and the chauffeur, too,
Stand humbly where they are.

The village blacksmith puffs his weed
And smiles a smile of cheer
The while his helpers pump the tires
And monkey with the gear—
And the owner and the chauffeur, too,
Stand reverently near.

Behind the village blacksmith is
The portal of his shop;
The shop is very large in size,
With a tiled roof on top—
And the owner and the chauffeur, too,
At it were glad to stop.

The children going home from school
Look in at the open door;
They like to see him make his bills
And hear the owners roar;
And the chauffeur ween as they declare
They ne'er paid that before.

He goes each morning to the bank
And gets away his cash;
A high silk hat and long frock coat
Help him to cut a dash—
But the owner and the chauffeur, too,
Their teeth all vainly gnash.

The chestnut-tree long since has died,
The smith does not repine;
His humble shop has grown into
A building big and fine.
And it bears "Garage" above the door
On a huge electric sign.

—Chicago Evening Post.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Oakland, Pilgrim—At the February communion five persons were received to membership, four uniting on confession.

Palo Alto.—Mr. I. H. Morse of the First Church, San Francisco, gave his address on Egypt before a large congregation Sunday evening. Both the views and the address were greatly appreciated and enjoyed.

Pasadena, First. — Fifteen persons united with the church on February 2, two of these on confession. The Bible School continues to grow, February 9th having a record attendance. The enrollment is now within a score of the aim for 500, toward which the membership has been working for the past two months. Among the speakers who have recently filled the pulpit are Dr. McElveen, Dr. R. R. Meredith and Rev. E. A. Lathrop. The first Sunday evening of the month the chorus choir gives a service of song which is much enjoyed.

San Francisco, Bethany.—Forty-five persons sat down at the supper in connection with the monthly Sunday teachers' meeting. The business meeting and annual election of officers was followed by a program on the subject "Hand work and Object Teaching." Mr. M. E. Moe, Assistant Superintendent, reviewed Mr. Littlefield's classic work on "Handwork in the Sunday School." The wish was uniformly hearty that the plan be continued of having a program on some phase of Sunday School work in connection with the monthly teachers' meeting. Bethany Church looks forward with great anticipation to the celebration of its fortieth anniversary on Feb. 22 and 23. On Saturday the 22d, an afternoon program of reminiscences is planned, and at 6:00 p. m., a fellowship supper to which ministers and friends from sister churches are invited. The Sunday services will emphasize the forward look. Bethany Chorus will render an appropriate musical service in the evening.

Hayward.—For several months the pastor, Rev. B. Dent Naylor, has used the Junior Congregation idea to good purpose. Sunday school is held previous to the morning service, and the children are invited to the church service. Their special portion comes after the Responsive Reading which is part of the opening exercises. A story is told, the Juniors sing one of their own songs, a brief prayer is offered, and they are dismissed, not being kept more than twenty minutes. Mr. Naylor, instead of telling the story every Sunday, has enlisted the help of others in the congregation—the principals of both high and grammar schools, other teachers, a doctor, a business man. This introduces variety and interests the story-tellers in the Juniors. The pastor insists on the story as the best medium of conveying truth to the Juniors. The success is shown by the attendance often of half the Sunday school, many remaining for the full service. The pastor is preaching a series of Lenten sermons on "The Fundamentals of the Faith," Sunday mornings, and evenings on "Lessons From Great Lives," including "Abraham Lincoln's Religion," "Helen Kellar's Optimism," "Beecher's Faith and Works," and "Livingstone's Heroism." Mr. Naylor is chaplain of the State Senate, but his duties at Sacramento are not allowed to interfere with his pulpit work, or other work of the pastorate, for he has the cordial assistance of Rev. A. B. Patten, our pastor at Sacramento, in time of need.

A CO-PASTOR CALLED BY THE FIRST CHURCH OF LOS ANGELES.

In response to the request of Dr. Wm. Horace Day for a co-pastor, the church gave a unanimous call to Rev. Morris H. Turk, Ph.D., to be co-pastor with Dr. Day. The morning of Feb. 16 Dr. Turk gave the following response to the call from this church:

"Dear Friends:

"I deeply appreciate the call which you have so heartily extended to me to become co-pastor of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles. I have considered the matter carefully and prayerfully, for it is my supreme desire that my work in the service of our Lord should be according to his purpose.

"It is in this faith that I accept your call to share in the work of this church. I do this gladly and heartily, and with a faithful purpose to give you my best. To be associated with Dr. Day, and to minister under the hallowed memories which enfold this Church of God will be a privilege both high and holy.

"The enlarging opportunity for service which is opening before this church is strategic and commanding. The future is vibrant with a great challenge. To share with every member of the church the sacred obligation to meet this imperative opportunity for the service of Christ in Los Angeles, in our own country and in other lands, this is my earnest purpose in accepting your call.

"Wishing you grace, mercy and peace, in His name, I am,

"Ever faithfully yours,

"MORRIS H. TURK."

THE BAPTISMAL FONT IN THE CHURCH AT SANTA BARBARA.

On May the 6th, 1888, Dr. C. S. Kittridge and his wife, Maria C., joined the Congregational church at Santa Barbara, coming from the Foreign Church of Hilo, Hawaii. On Feb. 13, 1899, they were granted letters to the Congregational Church of Berkeley.

Both have gone into the higher life. When Dr. Kittridge passed on he left a sum of money to be expended for something in the new church building at Santa Barbara. Before Mrs. K. passed into the other life she added to the sum. Their children decided that, as the doctor when a deacon for many years at Santa Barbara, was wont to hold the silver baptismal bowl for the pastor at the christening of infants, it would be a good idea for the money to be used for a permanent font for the church. It was discovered that a suitable stone could not be cut and polished and placed for much less than double the sum at hand. The heirs, therefore, added enough to insure the placing of the article in the church. It is a beautiful stone. The design is by Samuel Frost, a stone cutter and member of the church. The font was made in Wisconsin and is turned from a single block of "red mahogany granite" matching in color the finish of the church. On a recent Sunday Rev. W. C. Merrill, the pastor, made a brief memorial address of dedication and then baptized the two children of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cronise, of Santa Barbara. Thus the first use of the font was in baptizing the grandchildren of the doners, Dr. and Mrs. Kittredge.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Bay Association will hold its next meeting in Park Church, Berkeley, on the 11th of March.

Next Monday Prof. Lovejoy will speak at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity on "Byron—Shelley."

The California Sunday School convention will be held at Modesto April 15-17. The citizens of Modesto are planning to open their homes and hearts in most cordial welcome.

Dr. James H. McLaren, who has been spending a year in Southern California, started recently on a lecture tour to Chicago and the Middle West. During the year he has supplied pulpits, delivered lectures and has written a new lecture on "The Flags of the World" also, a novel, descriptive of Prince Edward Island Early Life.

One of our Southern California pastors writes: I was especially pleased to read Mr. Patten's article in the Pacific on Haldeman's pamphlet. That is one of the most unbiblical, unchristian and pernicious heresies I have ever met with. It has gotten into my church, and is utterly divisive, and subversive. It was introduced, too, by a one time friend, who, I am happy to say was blown out and frozen out by our winter's storm. He was an able and pestilent fellow."

WASHINGTON.

Deer Park.—The Open Door Congregational Church received six members during January. "The Messiah" was given recently by the choral society.

Seattle.—Twenty-four men from the four largest churches of Seattle met recently and in a spirit of great unity arranged for a series of special meetings to be held from the 16th to the 30th of March.

The Home.

And ever and ever his boundless blue
And ever and ever his green, green sod.
And ever and ever between the two
Walk the wonderful winds of God.
—Joaquin Miller.

HOME VALUES.

A home's value is not determined by its worth only to those within it, but by its worth to those within it, and to the neighbor, the school, church and state—all that constitutes society without. A home is therefore extraordinarily important when those who make it realize that the school-teacher in the next block, the minister on the hill, the postman across the way, the missionary in Japan, and the President in the White House have a community of interest with it.

In this view of home values I do not care to speak of the child's part just now, but to speak to the elder factors of the hearthstone. The grown or adult factors of the home the world over, need so much to understand and know the worth of that phrase, "community of interest." I think that women—mothers particularly—are gradually coming to see the value of the practical application of that phrase, and certainly in the struggles of the most selfish of men it is becoming more and more apparent that they realize that none can stand alone and "I and my brothers must be keepers of each other."

Let us who have grown wiser through the struggle to make life's conditions better, take the simplest view of what this means, and from that view gain a better knowledge of what the value of a home can be made for all humanity.

As life has expanded for me through the growth of my years, the conviction has gained strength that viewing home as merely a shelter, a place where sustenance is provided, a something to exploit against a less fortunate neighbor, is a sad mistake. Home so looked at loses influence.

A home which is potential, which has value, has influence. My daily conduct with young and old, your daily conduct with them, has influence. It may be for good, it may be for evil, or it may be wholly negative; but it is there. But you and I are only single units. A home is more than one unit. It may be only husband and wife, or father, mother and child, or children; but it is an aggregation of units, having a value for evil or good.

Should not the influence be for good? And if it is to be, how can it be?

In an Ohio village a man, his wife and one child came to live. The man was a mechanic with ambitions. The lot he bought for his home was unkempt. The cottage squalid. All through the small community he saw the handwriting of carelessness and neglect, the don't-care spirit. He and the wife might have surrendered to that, themselves, drawn their income and when their work was ended, passed on.

But the man came home from his work evenings, grimy, mussed, and when the evening meal was ended, he and the wife worked in the garden and on the dwarf lawn. They had ideas about grass, flowers and gardens. When they had worked these out they had other ideas about the use of paint, whitewash and kalsomine.

Neighbors came and lingered over their front fence to see what they were doing. They asked: "What's the use? Aren't you wasting time? Aren't you foolish?" But the reply was:

"Wherever we have lived we've tried to be clean. We feel more ready for work if we are."

Then came the next set of questions: "Well, how do you do it? Where'd you get the seeds? Is that the best grass for a lawn? Why'd you use that kind of paint on your house?" And husband and wife freely gave their reasons without immediately thinking they were helping someone else on.

Next were the impertinent questions: "Why do you take a bath every night when you get home from work? Ain't you tired? I notice you change your clothes when you're done work. Your wife spruces up every evening 'fore you get home—think she'd be to tired for such nonsense." And these questions and comments were met simply and honestly, without any thought that a sermon of value was being preached.

Yet as time passed on, neighbor after neighbor began to emulate the example of the spirits within this home. The very contrast of this mechanic who, after his return home at night, appeared at his table, on his front porch and in his garden, in clean clothes, silently told those who did not

that he was right and they were wrong. The trimness and wholesomeness of all about his home preached the worth of decent, sanitary living. That home's influence spread itself gradually over that entire community in a practical way.

The example one man and his wife set of living along the sanest lines, and of being willing to help neighbors through example and knowledge, revolutionized a town. All our heroes and heroines are not in armies.

Other Changes Brought.

But there was something more this man and his wife did, something even more significant that what I have related. Owning a small piece of property, he was a taxpayer. He believed and his wife believed that in paying taxes they had a right to know what was done with their money contributed to public aid.

They surprised everybody in the beginning by attending the meetings of the village trustees. The trustees had been accustomed to sitting alone for years; no one ever intruded on their supposed privacy. The first night the man and his wife appeared they were bluntly asked what they wanted.

"Public affairs, isn't it?" asked the man. "Wife and I thought we'd see what you are doing." The inquiring trustee frowned, but could say nothing.

Certainly the public had the right to be present, for the public was paying the bills. In the same way the two attended the meetings of the village school trustees and respectfully listened to what was going on. One night the man rose at the meeting of the school trustees and told them frankly that he had been through their two school buildings and that he would not keep cattle in them, let alone children.

He did not speak angrily nor unjustly, but he piled facts upon facts upon showing how the teachers and school children of the village were being unwarrantably abused, and he asked for justice. When the astounded trustees had figuratively shown him the door he turned as he went out with the remark:

"My wife and I will be back next meeting."

They did come back, and they brought neighbors who had learned to respect the worth of their sincere opinions. They took neighbors over to the town meetings, and they held neighborhood consultations in their own home. Ignorance, Viciousness, Neglect, began to take alarm. Both town and school trustees abruptly surrendered. They found that this home was simply using its influence, not only for its own help, but for the help of every man, woman and child of the community.

"In unity there is strength," said the man, and his wife added, "In unified strength there is better living for all of us."

That watch-cry from one home went on, not only into the schools and the cleaning of streets and alleys, but it reached the churches and the one newspaper, and it made a decadent village strong with new life.

I could relate more of the many instances I know, of a home changing an entire community or a neighborhood in this manner.

But I may conclude with this observation, that the more selfishness there is manifested in a home, the more unnatural exclusiveness, the less value will it have for those within and those without. The predominant thought of the best brains of the world is to manifest uselfishness, to influence for the good not only self but others.

No factor of human life has greater influential power to manifest unselfishness than the aggregate units of a home. Civilization, starting with barbaric man huddling his woman and children about the trunk of a tree to protect them from wild beasts and the elements, and extending into the modern family with its refinements of civilization, has never had one influence for gain or loss of values so great as that of the home.

We can give a government up to selfishness and still survive somehow. We can see rulers rise, triumph and fall through selfishness and still keep our own vine tree. But when our home is robbed of its value through selfishness, then civilization halts.—Ella Flagg Young.

THE HABIT OF FORGIVING.

A very careful and tender mother has had great success in bringing up her children and one of her firm beliefs is that, "Let not the sun go down on your anger," is a splendid text for litle ones. From babyhood her little folks have been encouraged to settle each day's accounts before bedtime and then sink quietly into refreshing sleep.

Indeed so fixed has this teaching become in their childish minds that it is extremely easy to forgive the playmates who have wronged them. In cases where other children impose upon them they are urged to let them alone, but in the little petty cares of the child world the slate is wiped clean every night.

"In my childhood home we were allowed to cherish and brood over little wrongs until they loomed up like mountains," explained the mother to a friend. "I can not forget now little slights that so fastened themselves upon my mind that they will never be effaced. I want my children to be able to forgive readily and in that way avoid much of the heartache and remorse an unforgiving nature must endure."

And she has the right idea. A woman who could not repeat the Lord's Prayer for years, because she could not forgive an enemy, found out that the person against whom she was cherishing ill feelings had never said the unkind words she had heard. In her conscience she had held this fancied wrong for years while the woman who knew nothing of her feeling was innocent all the time. By all means teach the boys and girls that it is noble and just and kind to forgive. They may be imposed upon occasionally by other children, but that is nothing compared with a clean record for every day. There is real joy in forgiving, but many people never experience the sensation.—Hilda Richmond.

It is a good deal easier to preach than practice.

For The Children.

RICHER THAN SHE DREAMED.

Mamma, why can't I have nice things like Mamie Mathews?" Mrs. Bridges looked up from her sewing and across to where her daughter was sitting, "Why, Dorothy, are we not taking care of you well enough?"

"Well, mamma, Mamie has so many things; I went around to her home after school this afternoon. They have an automobile and we haven't anything of the sort; and beside she has a gold watch and so many nice things in her home. I'm really ashamed to have her come in here."

"Do we not feed you and clothe you and send you to school, Dorothy?"

"Well, anyhow, I don't think it's fair that some people have so many nice things and others have none."

"How was the baby at Mrs. Mathew's house?" asked Mrs. Bridges.

"Why, mamma how strange you talk! Don't you know that there is no baby there? Mamie is the only child and that's why she comes over here; just to see our baby."

Just then a little cry from the crib in the next room announced the awakening of baby Bridges. "I will speak to papa about the matter this evening; I think we can arrange to get some of the things you speak of," said Mrs. Bridges.

"O, how nice that will be!" exclaimed Dorothy.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Bridges conversed for some time after Dorothy had gone to bed. Finally Mr. Bridges said, "I think wour plan is a good one, dear; anyway, we will try it."

Upon the morrow, as Dorothy was preparing for school, Mr. Bridges called her to him. "Dorothy, your mamma has been telling me that you would like to have an automobile; in fact, as many pretty things as Mamie Mathews."

Dorothy hung her head just a little but answered, "Yes, papa."

"Well, Dorothy," returned her father, "I think that can be arranged all right. I have a plan whereby I can have ten thousand dollars by to-morrow and then you shall have everything you want."

O, won't that be perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Yes, I think so myself," added papa.

"And just think of the good things, I can have; an automobile; a gold watch and so many other things," and she clapped her hands in ectasy.

"Very well, Dororthy. Mamma, bring baby to me," and Mrs. Bridges came from the adjoining room carrying the little six-months-old baby, all wrapped up, ready for an outing.

"Why, papa!" exclaimed Dorothy, "how strange in you to take baby out this early in the morning!"

"I know it's ususual," replied Mr. Bridges, 'but I thought I would get my money as soon as possible so you could have some of your nice things."

"But, papa, what has baby go to do with it?"

"Just this, Dorothy, Mr. Mathews was asking me yesterday morning how our baby was getting along and when I told him how cute and lovely he was, he looked up and said, 'I would give ten thousand dollars for a baby like that,' and—"

But Mr. Bridges could not finish. Dorothy rushed up to her papa, caught the baby to her arms, "O papa! don't, please, don't take baby away; I'll never say another word; no, never," and she cried as though her heart had broken.

"But, Dorothy, see what I can buy with ten thousand dollars."

"I don't care, papa. I would rather have my baby brother than all the world; I don't care for automobiles; I don't care for Mamie Mathew's house; I want my brother; please, papa."

"Very well, Dorothy, here is baby," and Dorothy almost smothered it with kisses until the little one crowed for joy.

"And papa, I'm never again going to say what I did last night. I never thought before that we were so rich. But we are, aren't we, mamma?"

"Yes, Dorothy," and Mrs. Bridges smiled to see how happy her Dorothy was at last.—Ex.

ONE WHO WAS HELPFUL.

Have you ever heard how Mr. Littlehammer got his name? It certainly sounds rather a queer name to go about with, but then, you see, it had a history of its own. It wasn't the name he was christened with, but, unlike most nicknames, it was a title of respect and honor.

No one knew quite where he came from, but one day there appeared in one of the villages of Germany a man who announced his intention of settling down there. At first the old inhabitants looked a little askance at him as a stranger, but he soon won his way. I will tell you how he did it.

As soon as he had time to walk round the village he discovered that everything was going to rack and ruin. A good many garden gates were off their hinges, and some of the fences were tumbling down; in fact, it looked as though nobody ever did any repairs at all.

But instead of telling the people they were a lazy, good-for-nothing lot, he just put his hand in one pocket and pulled out a handful of nails, and in another pocket he found his little hammer; and he set to work to nail up the fences and repair the gates and make things generally tidy.

You can guess the people were very astonished at first, but they soon got used to it, and whenever anything went wrong they said "send round for Mr. Littlehammer." And so he became the handy man of the village, and the people all wondered however they managed before this useful man came to live amongst them.

But one day they had a terrible problem to face. The road along which they travelled to and from their work got very much out of repair, and in the wet season the water lay in big pools all across the road. They were not rich enough to hire men to repair it, and so it had gone on from bad to worse.

At last they called upon their friend Mr. Littlehammer, and asked his advice. And what do you think it was? "Let every man before he goes and returns from his work fill his pockets with stones and drop them in the puddles as he goes by."

It was so simple and yet no one had thought of it!

Now you can see from all this how the villagers loved and trusted their good friend, and how they came to call him, in their affectionate way, "Mr. Littlehammer."

And, after all, it is better to be useful than clever or rich or great. God must love the useful people. He gives them so much work to do.

And you don't need to know such a tremendous lot of things to be useful, do you? It's nice to know Latin and French, and to take a high place in your mathematical class; but there are a great many things waiting to be done that you can do before you have attained to these heights.

Mr. Littlehammer did a great deal of good with such commonplace things as a hammer and a pocket of nails. And that boy who was trying to sell his few loaves and his little fish found a way to be useful to a big crowd of grown-up people.

Look out for the little jobs that nobody thinks worth doing; do the little kindnesses that other people don't think worth troubling about, and you will find yourself loved and respected everywhere and some day, if God finds you so useful in little things, he may give you some big work to do.

—S. I. B. in British Congregationalist.

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The Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington Ingram, tells the following story against himself:

"Sir," said a church-goer to him on one occasion, "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. You know I have a book at home containing every word of it."

"You have not," said Dr. Ingram.

"Shall I send you the book?" asked my friend.

"Yes, send that book to me. I'd like to see it."

"All right, I will," was the reply.

The next morning an unabridged dictionary was sent to the bishop!—Ex.

The teacher was earnestly trying to picture the outcome of lazines and idleness. He drew a terrible picture of the

"Naw, de bloke wot lives here is a habitual loafer, the man who hates work, and his ultimate fate.

"Now, Charlie," he continued to a little boy who had been looking out of the window and whose mind was far from the lesson of the hour, "tell me who is the wretched, miserable individual who gets clothes, food and lodging and gives nothing in return?"

Charlie's face glowed. "Please, sir," he replied, "the baby!"—Ex.

AMERICAN BOARD INSTITUTES.

Itinerary of the Two Teams in the Pacific Coast District.

Team No. 1.

Walla Walla, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 22-23.

Everett, Jan. 29, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Tacoma, Jan. 30-31, Thursday evening, Friday afternoon and evening.

Forest Grove, Feb. 5, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

San Jose, Feb. 12, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Claremont, Feb. 19 or 20, Wednesday or Thursday afternoon and evening.

Combined Teams.

Spokane, Wash., Saturday to Tuesday, Jan. 18-21.

Seattle, Wash., Saturday to Tuesday, Jan. 25-28.

Portland, Oregon, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 1-4.

Sacramento and Stockton, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 8-10.

San Francisco Bay region, Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 15-18.

Los Angeles, Cal., Saturday to Tuesday, Feb. 22-25.

Team No. 2.

Colfax, Jan. 21, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

North Yakima, Jan. 24, Friday afternoon and evening.

Snohomish, Jan. 28, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Bellingham, Jan. 29, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Vancouver, Jan. 30, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Corvallis, Feb. 5, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Salem, Feb. 6, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Santa Cruz, Feb. 12, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Pacific Grove, Feb. 13, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Santa Barbara, Feb. 19, Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Riverside, Feb. 21, Friday afternoon and evening.

San Diego, Feb. 25, Tuesday afternoon and evening.

Redlands, Feb. 26, Wednesday afternoon and evening

Speakers Available for Above Program.

Rev. Brewer Eddy, Associate Secretary of the American Board, Boston; Rev. Chas. L. Storrs, Jr., Foochow Mission, China; Rev. Robert Chambers, Western Turkey Mission; Mrs. Geo. B. Cowles, American Zulu Mission, South Africa; Rev. Miles B. Fisher, Pacific Coast Secretary C. S. S. & P. S San Francisco; Rev. H. Melville Tenney, Pacific Coast Secretary A. B. C. F. M., San Francisco; a possible representative of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific.